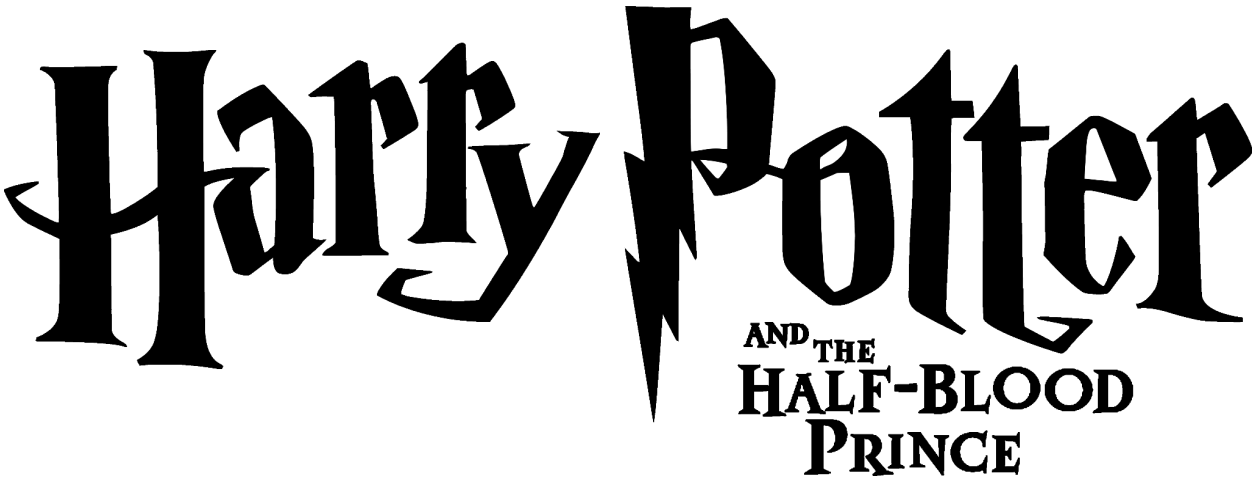

(Revised Screenplay)

July 15th, 2009

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DUSK

Harry trudges along a winding lane.

His clothes are torn,

his arm broken,

his face hollow.

He hasn’t eaten in days.

His eyes dart toward the horizon.

No home.

No direction.

Just endless road and fading light.

EXT. FIELD – NIGHT

Harry collapses in the tall grass.

His breaths rattle.

HARRY (whispers, breaking)

I can’t…

I can’t do this anymore.

i give up

have mercy

Please.

Save me.

The night wind stills.

From the darkness,

a glow.

A figure robed in radiant white steps forward.

The King extends His arm.

His garment ripples with unearthly light.

Harry reaches, trembling.

His fingertips brush the hem.

Instantly, the world bends.

Sound collapses.

His body is lifted—

drawn through an unseen realm

INT. THE BURROW – KITCHEN – NIGHT

A CRACK. Harry stumbles into view,

on one knee, trunk beside him,

owl cage rattling.

He gasps—looking up in wonder.

HARRY (breathless)

Lord?

But the King is gone.

———

EXT. THE BURROW – SAME

From outside,

the crooked silhouette of the house glimmers in the moonlight.

Upstairs,

a small flicker: GINNY, passing by a window.

———

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – STAIRCASE – CONTINUOUS

Ginny races down the twisting staircase, breathless.

She bursts into the kitchen—

—where Harry’s TRUNK and HEDWIG’S CAGE rest.

Hedwig blinks at her, tilting her head.

GINNY (whispering, stunned)

Hedwig…? Mum!

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

MRS. WEASLEY hurries in, flour on her apron.

MRS. WEASLEY

What is it, Ginny?

Is it your father?

The Ministry?

Death Eaters?

GINNY (shaking her head, blurting)

No… Harry.

He’s here.

MRS. WEASLEY frowns—about to dismiss her—when—

A SCREECH from Hedwig shatters the silence.

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – LANDING – SAME

RON leans over the railing, hair a mess.

RON

Harry?

Did someone say Harry?

Moments later,

HERMIONE appears in a robe,

toothbrush in hand.

HERMIONE

Was that an owl I heard?

———

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – KITCHEN – SAME

All eyes turn.

Harry is there.

Pale.

Shaken.

His scar burning faintly like an ember.

Ginny spins.

Harry stands in the doorway, pale, clothes torn, eyes still shadowed from his wandering.

RON / HERMIONE / MRS. WEASLEY

Harry!

The others rocket downstairs.

Ginny reaches him first.

She throws her arms around him —

a great, grinning hug —

but the warmth fades quickly.

She pulls back,

almost unsettled, guarded

and walks away

The others pile in,

embracing him,

relief in every touch.

MRS. WEASLEY

But why didn’t you tell us you were coming?

HARRY

(shrugging, voice rough)

Didn’t know.

HARRY

It’s a miracle

Silence presses for a moment,

heavier than expected.

Ron scratches the back of his neck, fumbling

. Hermione hovers awkwardly at his side.

RON

You’ve got a bit of…

He gestures vaguely at Hermione’s chin.

She wipes off the leaves,

shooting him a puzzled look.

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – STAIRCASE – NIGHT

The house quiets down after the reunion.

Footsteps creak along the crooked stairs.

Harry sees Ginny heading up,

her hair flicking past the railings as she climbs.

HARRY

(soft, urgent)

Ginny!

She doesn’t stop.

She keeps climbing,

shoulders tense.

Harry follows, quickening his steps.

He reaches out and brushes her hand.

She freezes.

Slowly, she turns.

Their eyes lock — heavy, unspoken.

For a moment, Ginny almost lets him speak.

HARRY

(whispering, breaking)

About Cho… I—

GINNY

(cutting him off, voice trembling)

No.

A pause.

The word hangs,

final yet fragile.

Ginny turns, continues up.

The door to her room closes with a muted click.

Harry stands on the staircase,

hand still raised,

the silence pressing in.

He exhales, defeated.

Slowly, he turns,

climbing instead toward the attic.

———

INT. WEASLEY HOUSE – ATTIC ROOM – NIGHT

A door creaks.

Harry steps inside.

Ron is half-sitting on his bed,

fiddling with a chess piece.

Hermione is at the desk,

scribbling notes by candlelight.

They both look up.

The air shifts.

HARRY

(quietly)

Can I stay here?

Ron nods.

they all sit on the floor of their carpet

HARRY

(towards Hermione)

when did you get here

HERMIONE

A few days ago.

Though... for a minute ,

I wasn't sure I was coming.

Harry looks up,

sees her glance at Ron.

RON

Mum sort of lost it last week.

Said Ginny and I had no business going back to Hogwarts.

That it's too dangerous.

HARRY

i don’t blame her

i definitely wanted to leave myself

but i couldn’t

RON

yeah we didn’t see you at the festival

where were you?

HARRY

i…. i was lost

RON

really?

HARRY

i was lost in the forbidden Forest

because

i wanted to abandon everything

i really did

after sirius died it was just…..

that was my breaking point

i never wanted to go back to hogwarts ever again

HERMIONE

how did you get here?

HARRY

The King

I saw the King

(Hermione and Ron look stunned)

face to face

and my life was spared

HERMIONE

what do you mean spared?

was he going to kill you?

HARRY

i thought so too

but no

i have nothing left but a broken arm

i can never use a wand again now

RON

lemme see

(he lifts it and Harry squeals in pain)

HARRY

ahhhh be careful

RON

yeah that’s a broken arm alright

now what are we going to do?

Hogwarts is falling apart

did you see the news?

(Ginny walks in the door, after eavesdropping their conversation,

she comes with THE DAILY PROPHET news paper in her hand)

HARRY

ginny !

GINNY

hi harry…..

(she looks at him with a face

trying not to smile

still annoyed

yet secretly excited to see him

Ginny stands in the doorway,

holding the Daily Prophet — the front page screams in black ink:

“MASS BREAKOUT AT AZKABAN – DEATH EATERS RETURN”

Her hands tremble around the paper.

She steps in, tossing it onto the floor between them.)

GINNY

It’s everywhere.

London.

Diagon Alley.

Even the countryside.

They’re not hiding anymore.

Ron snatches up the paper,

scanning the page. His face pales.

RON

Fenrir Greyback… Bellatrix… Malfoy’s uncle.

They’re all back.

HARRY

It’s worse than that.

He’s not just gathering them.

He’s planning to burn the whole world down.

Hermione swallows, her quill falling silent.

HERMIONE

Dumbledore said the Ministry would try to keep it quiet…

But if it’s on the front page—

GINNY

It means they’ve lost control.

Harry looks at Ginny — and finds himself speaking with new courage.

HARRY

I thought… if I ran far enough,

hid deep enough in the Forest…

Maybe none of this would touch me.

But I can’t.

He won’t stop until it’s me.

dead

What if we all escape Hogwarts right now

Find a new Place maybe

and start from there

we can sit peacefully until the king comes back

Hermione shifts uncomfortably.

HERMIONE

Harry… we don’t have to decide everything tonight.

(she exhales, softer)

I’m just… glad we’re all here.

safely

She looks around the little attic —

Harry, Ron, Ginny lingering by the door.

RON

(grinning faintly)

Yeah. One big happy reunion…

right before Hogwarts crumbles to bits.

Hermione elbows him,

but she smiles despite herself.

HERMIONE

Honestly, Ron—

RON

I’m just saying!

At this rate, the castle’s falling apart faster than Dumbledore’s joints.

Ginny lets out a sharp laugh.

Hermione tries not to, but her lips twitch.

Even Harry cracks a tired smile.

HERMIONE

(rolling her eyes)

You’re awful.

The group chuckles.

For a moment it feels like old times.

the weight lifts amongst all of them

EXT. HOGWARTS CASTLE – FRONT STEPS – NIGHT (LATER)

The castle glitters.

Harry, face blood-spattered,

nose slightly off-center,

cradling his arm, approaches with Luna.

HARRY

Sorry I made you miss the carriages, Luna.

LUNA

It’s alright. I enjoyed our walk.

It was like being with a friend.

HARRY

I am your friend, Luna.

LUNA

That’s nice.

Harry looks at her confused

Just then PROFESSOR FLITWICK rushes forth

clutching a long roll of PARCHMENT bearing all students’ names.

FLITWICK

About time! I’ve been looking all over for you two.

Names.

HARRY

Professor Flitwick, you’ve known me for five years.

FLITWICK

No exceptions, Potter.

———

CONTINUED:

LUNA

Who are those people?

Harry turns, sees Luna staring into the darkness,

where SHADOWS drift eerily, like ghosts.

FLITWICK

Aurors. For security.

MALFOY (O.S.)

It’s not a cane, you cretin.

It’s a walking stick.

Harry and Luna turn.

Draco stands amidst a mountain of TRUNKS and OWL CAGES,

watching Filch pass a long SECURITY DETECTOR over a WALKING STICK.

FILCH

And what exactly would you be wanting with a walking stick?

SNAPE

It was his father’s.

Snape separates from the shadows.

Draco eyes him warily, then snatches the stick from Filch.

MALFOY

Is my father’s. He’s not dead.

Snape watches Malfoy carefully wrap the stick in felt,

then lay it back inside his trunk.

SNAPE

It’s alright, Mr. Filch. I can vouch for Mr. Malfoy.

Draco eyes Snape warily again,

then begins to slouch off, catches Harry looking.

MALFOY

Nice face, Potter.

Harry puts a hand to his nose, then winces at his arm.

Malfoy disappears into the darkness, trailed by Snape.

LUNA

Would you like me to fix it?

Your nose looks a bit more devil-may-care this way…

But your arm—well, it’s hanging funny too.

HARRY

You’ve ever fixed one?

A nose? Or an arm?

LUNA

No. But I’ve done several toes… and a wrist once.

And how different are they, really?

This does not fill Harry with confidence. Nevertheless…

HARRY

What the hell. Give it a go.

LUNA

Episkey.

Luna poises her wand over Harry’s nose and gives it a tap.

It VIBRATES WILDLY, then… SNAPS into place.

HARRY

Well? How do I look?

LUNA

Exceptionally ordinary.

HARRY

Brilliant.

Harry chuckles softly — then winces, clutching his arm.

LUNA

(concerned)

What’s wrong?

HARRY

It’s nothing… just my arm.

Been shattered since the forest.

Can’t really use it anymore.

Luna tilts her head, studying him with quiet seriousness.

LUNA

You’re always trying to hide your pain.

But broken things… want to be whole again.

She lifts her wand, hovering gently over Harry’s arm.

LUNA

Episkey.

The arm trembles violently,

light crackling around the bone.

Harry grits his teeth, gasps—then…

it SNAPS back into place.

His fingers twitch. He flexes, almost in disbelief.

HARRY

(staring at his arm)

It… it worked.

LUNA

(softly, smiling)

You’re not finished yet, Harry.

The world still needs you.

Harry stares at her, shaken

thank you so much

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Dumbledore sits alone at his desk,

the deep lines of his face illuminated by the shimmering PENSIEVE.

Dozens upon dozens of GLITTERING VIALS stand like tiny glimmering soldiers.

A KNOCK.

The door swings open,

revealing Harry.

DUMBLEDORE

Good evening, Harry. You got my message, I see.

Come, come. Sit.

Harry steps forward,

eyes the Pensieve curiously. Sits.

DUMBLEDORE

So. How are you?

HARRY

Fine, sir.

DUMBLEDORE

I’m sure you’re wondering why I’ve summoned you here tonight.

The answer lies here.

Dumbledore rises, crossing to the cabinet of vials.

He runs his damaged hand across the glass, selects one.

A faint, golden glow pulses within.

DUMBLEDORE

What you see before you are memories.

In this case pertaining to one individual…

Tom Riddle.

Or, as he is known now…

Voldemort

Dumbledore lifts the glowing vial, veined with age.

DUMBLEDORE

This one is… unusual.

I’d like you to see it.

He tips the contents into the Pensieve.

The liquid shimmers like molten light.

Harry leans in, his face breaking the surface—

FLASHBLACK: THE FIRST SONG

The vast Everlasting Kingdom.

Light fills the Sky

The Throne burns with unapproachable radiance.

Before it,

a vast host of guardians lift their voices.

At the center,

a figure stands taller than the rest

Prince TOM

tall,

radiant,

crowned in silver.

His beauty was fierce,

but his eyes were restless.

Prince Tom, radiant and crowned in silver.

He raises his hands.

The music begins.

At first, the song is pure—

a melody woven in gold,

rising like fire toward the Throne.

The King receives it.

All is harmony.

But then—

his eyes shift.

From the Throne to himself.

His lips curl into a smile,

almost private.

The notes shift—just slightly—

but the sound grows… darker.

Sharper.

Like a crown forged for himself.

The choirs around him glance in unease.

The King’s eyes fall upon him.

A gaze—deep, unshakable.

Tom flinches.

The melody wavers—

and he quickly bends it back,

restoring harmony.

The song continues.

But behind his back,

a new tune is already forming in secret.

Harry watches, transfixed.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Harry leans forward, his eyes wide.

Dumbledore, trying to explain it away:

DUMBLEDORE

Brilliant… so much talent… such beauty.

Tom must’ve been a wonderful talent

both lovely as well as wizardry

Perhaps a metaphor…

how Tom had so much,

and eventually let it waste away in Hogwarts.

under one chosen one maybe

(he eyes at harry)

a king of the wizarding world

Harry doesn’t speak at once.

His eyes narrow on the silver basin,

watching the water tremble.

HARRY

it can’t be

It wasn’t just music.

It… shifted.

Like he was trying to playing for himself

Dumbledore tilts his head, intrigued.

DUMBLEDORE

Self-glory. Yes… I see.

The harmony bent inward.

A corruption of praise.

Harry looks up, hesitating, but daring:

HARRY

like he wanted the throne.

Dumbledore’s eyes flicker, but he doesn’t dismiss it.

He stands, pacing slowly.

DUMBLEDORE

Ambition, always.

Even as a boy, Tom collected trophies—

souvenirs from children he tormented.

little fragments of power he could call his own.

And yet… this memory…

it’s older.

Stranger.

Not the ambition of a boy,

but the hunger of something far deeper.

I want to ask you harry

why was tom a prince here

and not a boy like we know him of

we know him well and grew up with him

yet the memory say some thing different

Harry leans back, uneasy.

HARRY

(quietly, hesitant)

Because… he wasn’t just a boy.

Not really.

The teachers

they only tell the story after he was born here.

After he already… fell.

But that memory—

it felt older than Hogwarts.

Older than the Chamber.

Older than the whole world, maybe

Dumbledore studies him—

and for once, instead of explaining away,

he nods.

DUMBLEDORE

Perhaps, Harry…

you are seeing more about tom than I ever dared to.

wow

all my wisdom…

has failed me

INT. DUMBLEDORE'S OFFICE – NIGHT

The Pensieve glows.

Harry leans forward, breath caught in his throat.

The silver threads swirl—

and suddenly—

———

FLASHBACK: THE GARDEN

A garden,

vast and radiant.

Waterfalls glisten like crystal.

Every tree drips with fruit.

Beasts walk in harmony:

lions lying beside lambs,

doves circling overhead.

they all spoke with one language

At the center—

two humans.

A man and a woman.

Their faces shine with innocence.

Harry’s cheeks burn;

he quickly covers his eyes.

HARRY (muttering)

Merlin’s beard… they’re naked! ughhhh

He peeks through his fingers,

half-embarrassed, half-curious.

The two laugh,

running like children,

barefoot in the grass.

They chase butterflies,

splashing through rivers.

The whole garden breathes peace.

But then—

a shadow.

From behind the trees,

Tom Riddle appears—

but not the radiant prince Harry once saw.

Now twisted,

darker,

cloaked in shadow.

a void

He crouches,

unseen by the humans.

Watching from the fig leaves

Waiting.

From the brush,

small wyverns flutter out—

tiny, harmless, almost playful.

Tom studies them.

An idea flickers in his gaze.

He floats onto one of them

He begins to posses one of the wyverns

limbs contorting,

wings sprouting,

scales crawling over his skin.

Until he is one of them.

A wyvern,

turns black and gleaming.

The wyvern slithers into the branches.

sitting still.

Cold.

Calculated

Pretending to smile like the rest

Eyes locked on the woman

who walked in the garden

The wyvern follows,

fluttering tree to tree,

never stepping into the light.

He whispers—low, like a hiss of wind:

WYVERN (Tom, whispering)

Psst.

Look here.

The woman halts.

Her head tilts,

as if catching the faintest murmur.

The wyvern snickers,

fangs glinting,

and circles closer.

The dream ends in silence.

———

BACK IN THE OFFICE – NIGHT

Harry jerks back from the Pensieve, breath uneven.

Dumbledore’s face is pale, drawn in deep thought.

DUMBLEDORE

So it begins… the shadow of Tom whom is

Voldemort—

HARRY

Why does he need to do that, sir?

Why does Voldemort need to keep moving…

body to body?

it’s Like he can’t exist

unless he wears something.

or someone

Dumbledore studies him quietly,

the firelight flickering in his spectacles.

DUMBLEDORE

You’ve noticed what many overlook.

He is like a shadow—

a will without substance,

a hunger without a vessel.

shadows need vessels

a body they can linger below

yet lead it on its whisper

HARRY

So he can’t be seen?

Not… fully?

DUMBLEDORE

Not without form.

think of Quirrell’s trembling body,

or Ginny, slipping under his spell.

Always—he lingers,

then borrows.

Voldemort cannot create life, Harry.

he can only invade it.

Harry leans forward,

the truth pressing down on him.

HARRY

definitely

that explains the boy doesn’t it?

sir?

would you say he was quite

unusual as a kid?

DUMBLEDORE

(voice low)

well… yes.

Not in the way a clever child might be,

but in the way of one already…

ready

remember i recall last when i first met him

Even at the orphanage he seemed

older than he should be.

and oddly enough he…..

was able to talk to snakes

(pauses, eyes distant)

A boy, yes…

but also something that did not belong.

HARRY

almost like he was wearing a boy?

yet Not really a regular “Tom” at all…

just—hiding inside him?

DUMBLEDORE

(nods slowly)

Exactly.

Tom Riddle was not born ordinary.

He must’ve been an inhabited child

The boy was innocent looking, yet

but the will behind it—

was older,

darker.

HARRY

So that’s why Voldemort always searching for new shapes—

wyverns,

shadows,

even the teachers he twists.

It’s the same story over and over.

DUMBLEDORE

Precisely.

He only imitates,

always borrowing,

always hungering.

(leans closer, voice grave)

That, Harry, is why he fears you.

Because in you

is something there that he cannot counterfeit—

something that saved from in the night of your parents death

and Voldemort my dear boy

wants to take

that

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Malfoy hurtles past, forehead gleaming with sweat, passes OUT OF FRAME.

Seconds later, Harry appears, follows.

as he passes the birdcage... we HOLD.

It's now EMPTY.

INT. HOGWARTS BATHROOM – DAY

The mirror drips with natural light.

Malfoy lurches to the mirror,

steadies himself against the sink.

Then, with a great, heaving shudder begins to... CRY.

In the MIRROR, we see the bathroom DOOR ease open:

Harry. He stops, stunned.

HARRY

Draco… it was you, wasn’t it?

The Hex on the girl.

Malfoy flinches, guilt flickering across his face.

HARRY

This is a dark path Draco

I know where it ends.

i felt the evil in my own tongue

Harry steps closer,

lowering his wand completely.

HARRY (softly)

But you don’t have to go there.

You can stop now.

while you still can

you don’t have to do this

you don’t have to join them

There’s still a way back.

He holds out his hand.

Malfoy’s lip trembles.

His eyes water, looking at harry in the mirror

For a moment,

the boy beneath the mask surfaces—

frightened,

desperate.

MALFOY

(shouts)

You don’t understand…

I don’t have a choice.

HARRY

You do.

We always do.

They told me the same thing

but it isn’t true

we can be free

just take my hand

and let go

Harry takes another step.

Malfoy's eyes shift.

Horrified to be exposed.

But Malfoy’s fear curdles into rage.

His tears harden.

MALFOY (shaking, screaming)

Shut up!

Sectumsempra!

He lashes out—his spell cracking through the room like lightning.

Harry sees the strike

he doesn’t raise his wand.

he raises his hands

lets the curse strike him,

and Harry is Struck

his wand drops on the floor

in pain

with blood coughing out his mouth and body

he stumbles onto his knees

He gasps,

then steadies himself.

HARRY (hoarse, but calm)

If hurting me makes you feel stronger… then

take it.

im finished (Coughs)

i’m done

with…. everything

Harry falls on his side with blood dripping out on the floor

Malfoy freezes.

His wand shakes.

His face crumples into shame.

HARRY (to himself)

I surrender… (cough) my…life

for……You…..lord

harry closes his eyes

Just then...

Snape BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

Seeing Harry --

and the nature of his injuries

dying

he traces the TIP of his WAND over Harry’s wounds,

MURMURING an EERIE INCANTATION.

Instantly, the skin begins to knit itself

together.

Malfoy backs away,

Snape's ancient CHANT ringing in his ears,

blood floating like crimson flowers on the floor,

backing away until he reaches the door…

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Harry sits numbly

The Potions textbook limps lying in his hand

Hermione,

Ron and Ginny sit together,a bit apart,

finally, Ginny rises, steps to him

GINNY

You have to get rid of it. Today.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY (LATER)

Harry, Potions book in hand,

follows Ginny past the empty birdcage

and down the corridor when she pauses,

turns to the wall and shuts her eyes.

GINNY

Take my hand.

INT. ROOM OF REQUIREMENT - DAY (SECONDS LATER)

Ginny and Harry materialize.

HARRY

The Room of Requirement.

Ginny nods, turns away. Harry follows.

NEW ANGLE - SECONDS LATER

Harry eyes the shelves that tower above him and the odd things they hold:

a SMALL CAGE bearing the SKELETON of

some

long-dead creature.

A JAR Of QUIVERING EYEBALLS

which track him as he passes.

HARRY

Who showed you this? First.

GINNY

Fred and George.

First year.

hid the scroll here for a time.

Wish I'd left it...

As Ginny drifts in the memory,

Harry studies her,

Silence hangs.

GINNY

(soft, cracked)

I heard what happened.

With Draco.

and … you.

Harry shifts, uneasy. He sits across from her.

HARRY

yeah i know

there was nothing i could do

i had no choice really

GINNY

that was very brave of you i must say

we all thought you were dead harry

(they stop walking and lock eyes)

GINNY

ya know….i

I’ve just been… really angry at you

Jealous

of you and cho of course

did you really love her?

HARRY

no definitely not,

i just….

i wanted to protect you

GINNY

protect me from what?

i was perfectly fine against cho

HARRY

no, not her it’s

i had a dream about you

it was Voldemort

i saw you in front of him

with a crown

he was ready to strike you

and kill you

the dream flashed before i saw

what happened next

it had me traumatized

i thought i was going to lose you

ya know with me, you, hermione and Ron hanging out

i fell

i honestly believed for a second that if i left you guys

then i wouldn’t have to put the damage on you all of you

it’s me voldemort wants

i couldn’t let that get that between me and you

GINNY

aww harry you shouldn’t have

but the dream

it has me worried now

why would i have a crown on?

why would Voldemort want to kill me?

HARRY

i dont know

thats why i was so impulsive that night

im never really sure about the future

and that’s what im afraid of

that night…

Cho just popped up in the halls

in the middle of the dreams

flashing in the air

i was ready to be in silence outside

yet i got…

tempted

I thought if i joined the training…

then i would be able to protect you

and maybe have some control of things ya know

but

Cho

we trauma bonded

and

she kissed me

i didn’t want it i swear

GINNY

why would you do such a thing after we met

have you not felt…..

something?

between us?

HARRY

yes ginny

yes

cho may have kissed me but

it was a dirty one

i feel at peace with you

your love feels like clean water in this dead sea of sugar

it’s honestly refreshing

(Ginny giggles)

GINNY

The night we had that dance

is that what you were always meaning to tell me?

Harry lifts his eyes

HARRY

yes

i…..

couldn’t say it then but

i love you

so much

i do

they slowly move close

and they kiss

Ginny hugs and rests her head against harry’s chest.

Harry’s arms fold around her,

as if shielding her from every shadow.

GINNY

(soft, cracked)

don’t you leave me in the dark again.

or i swear ill….

(she stomps his toe with her foot)

HARRY

OWWW….

that hurt

GINNY

that’s what you get, chosen one

fifty points removed from gryfindor

(she rises on her toes, kisses his cheek, then nestles back against his chest.)

Harry closes his eyes and smiles

INT. COMMON ROOM – DUSK

The fire glows low.

Books and parchment scatter across the tables.

Harry sits slouched in an armchair,

eyes heavy, shoulders tense.

RON

You’ve been quiet for a while

That’s never good.

HERMIONE

He’s worried about Slughorn.

Aren’t you, Harry?

Harry exhales,

running a hand through his hair.

HARRY

I just… every time I think about it,

I freeze.

What if I fail again?

What if he won’t tell me anything?

Ron leans forward.

RON

Mate, you've faced a basilisk,

dementors, even Umbridge.

You're not gonna crumble in front of Slughorn.

HERMIONE

Ron's right — for once.

Harry,

You'll never know until you try.

Harry grips the liquid luck

then suddenly sets it aside.

A flicker of resolve glimmers in his eyes.

Harry looks up at her, then at Ron.

They nod — with that simple, unspoken loyalty that has carried him this far.

Harry breathes deep, straightening in his chair.

HARRY

Alright… no more hiding. I'll go. I'll face him.

He glances toward the door, ready to march to Slughorn —

but pauses. His eyes soften.

HARRY

but Maybe I should check on Hagrid first…

At that very moment,

a rush of wings cuts the silence.

HEDWIG swoops gracefully through the window,

white feathers shining in the dusk light.

She circles once, lands on harry’s shoulder beside him.

Harry looks into her eyes.

Something shifts in harry

He smiles.

HARRY

Thanks, Hedwig

He strokes Hedwig’s feathers.

She coos softly,

then takes off again,

vanishing back into the halls.

Harry straightens,

his face brightened

He steps out of the common room,

boldness carrying him forward.

INT. HAGRID'S HUT - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

Harry gleams of innocence

his eyes stare at Slug horn with an open heart

Thunk! Hagrid's great shaggy head hits the table. Instantly, he is SNORING, SO DEEPLY his MUG shimmies across the table

Slughorn smiles, regards Harry, who merely stares back.

SLUGHORN

It was a student who gave me Francis.

One spring afternoon

I discovered a bowl upon my desk with a few inches of clear water.

There was a flower petal floating upon the surface. As I watched, the petal sank, but just before it touched bottom... it transformed.

Into a wee fish.

It was beautiful magic, wondrous to behold.

The petal had come from a lily.

Hearing "lily,"

Harry looks up. Slughorn nods.

SLUGHORN

Your mother.

The day I came downstairs,

the day I found the bowl empty... was the day she...

Slughorn falters, pain etching his face.

SLUGHORN

I know why you’re here.

But I can't give it to you. It will ruin

me……

Harry studies Slughorn a moment, thinking, then speaks.

HARRY

Do you know why I’m alive? The night I got this.

Slughorn looks up, sees Harry pointing to his scar.

HARRY

Not because I was strong.

Not because I’m some chosen one.

I lived because someone way higher

way mightier than me

with a crown on his head

who protected me.

(breaths in)

If He had not covered me,

I would’ve been dead with her.

Slughorn’s lips tremble.

HARRY

This memory you hold — it’s not for me.

It’s for the entire world.

If it dies with you,

so many others will die too.

by Voldemort’s hand later

Harry leans in, eyes pure, almost childlike.

HARRY

Please.

Don’t let the memory be in chain forever

you can let it be

what saves many lives tomorrow.

Slughorn fishes out a tiny vial --

the one with the WORM

-- but his hand is shaking so violently, Harry has to take it slowly,

Slughorn raises his wand, touches it to

his temple and withdraws a LONG, SILVER THREAD.

Harry extends the vial and... it drops within.

[INT. ASTRONOMY TOWER – NIGHT]

[Harry slips under the floor grid, hidden.

Draco trembles with his wand raised. Dumbledore leans weakly against the ramparts, his blackened hand twitching.]

DUMBLEDORE

You are not a killer, Draco.

Your heart quivers even now.

DRACO

(shaking)

He’ll kill me if I don’t.

DUMBLEDORE

Then you are already his prisoner.

Let me free you.

[Draco falters, his wand lowering slightly.

The door BURSTS open. Bellatrix and Greyback stride in,

their laughter echoing. Behind them,

SNAPE emerges, cold, silent.]

BELLATRIX

Well, well. The great Albus Dumbledore,

cornered at last.

DUMBLEDORE

(calmly)

You mistake me, Bellatrix. I am never cornered.

[Snape steps forward, wand raised. Harry watches in horror from below.]

DUMBLEDORE

(quietly, to Snape)

Severus… the time has come.

BELLATRIX

Do it! End him!

[Snape’s wand trembles.

His eyes flicker with hidden fire.

He whispers almost like a prayer.]

SNAPE

Forgive me, Albus.

[Snape casts the Killing Curse:

Avada Kedavra!

A blinding flash of GREEN LIGHT erupts—

but instead of striking Dumbledore dead,

the light is suddenly consumed in a SURGE OF CRIMSON FIRE.

A PHOENIX’S CRY pierces the night.]

[The Death Eaters shield their eyes.

Harry gasps as the fire engulfs Dumbledore.

His robes blaze but his face is calm, even radiant.]

DUMBLEDORE

(to Harry, through the flames)

You… have failed me, Harry.

[His entire form ignites into phoenix fire.

The tower SHAKES.

For a moment, it looks like he is destroyed—

then the flames swirl upward,

and Dumbledore VANISHES into the night sky

in a trail of burning wings.]

[The Death Eaters stagger back, horrified.]

BELLATRIX

(terrified)

What—what was that?!

[Snape masks his face, lowering his wand,

eyes burning with secrecy.]

SNAPE

(to the others)

He is gone.

The Dark Lord will have no rival.

[Harry, below, is frozen in tears.

But instead of rage, he feels awe —

Dumbledore was not dead.